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PREACHED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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GOOD DEEDS MEMORABLE.

"Blessings are upon the head of the just: but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked. The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot."—PROV. x., 6, 7.

There is hardly one of the proverbs that are gathered together in this book of Proverbs, the larger part of which was written, or supposed to have been written by Solomon, that will not stand the test of the experience of the world, embracing some three or four thousand years, through every stage of civilization. It is, in this respect, a thing to be noticed, that, speaking three thousand years ago of commerce, of statesmanship, of morality, of ambition and of pleasure, there is not a single instance in which there is a statement that needs qualification. These apothegms with regard to political economy, to sociology, and to personal conduct, are to-day just as wise, just as applicable and just as true as they seemed to be in that early age. Many of these rules Solomon knew to be true because he had broken them; for he was not an exemplary man. He was a luxurious, magnificent, oriental despot. As the government which Joseph instituted in Egypt was a hateful one, but he knew of none better, so the procedure of Solomon broke up and destroyed the business of the nation, but was according to the light that then existed. His external history and his personal history were far below the result of his observation and reasoning. We have, therefore, in the Book of Proverbs, from this oriental king, some of the most valuable principles of action; and I think that if one were to take

SUNDAY MORNING, March 15, 1874. LESSON: Heb. xi., 24-40; xii., 1-3. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 1011, 905, 1267.

these gems, and carry them about him, and refresh himself day by day with them, he would find them wise—wise in the street; wise in the warehouse; wise in the caucus; wise in the conference meeting; wise in the household. They are not worn out. They touch principles; and principles never decay, nor die, nor change.

In this passage it is declared that the memory of the just shall not perish, in distinction from the memory or name of the wicked that shall perish. Goodness tends, as a general fact, to perpetuate itself. It touches man's memory. It touches his nature on that side which makes him anxious to keep alive the memory of it. The name of him who hath brought goodness to pass shall survive. On the other hand, wickedness tends to destroy itself, and to go down, as the impurities of the sea tend to sink to the bottom, where they lie forever.

That is as true to our own observation, in our day, as it could have been, in the days of Solomon, to him.

Now, is it right for men to desire to be remembered, and to be praised? Is it right for men to act with reference to their happiness in the way of duty? Or, is it necessary that a man, in order to be obedient, from the Christian standpoint, should do right from abstract reasons? Have I a right to deny myself, and to develop activity and fruitfulness, because I see that such a course will raise me in the estimation of men; and because, doing it all my life, my memory shall not fade out, and I shall be remembered in after years? Is this consistent with the Christian standard? In other words, does disinterestedness require that a man should not associate himself with the benefits which accrue from right conduct?

I do not hold that disinterestedness requires any such thing. I hold that a man has a right to act for the good of others with the distinct consciousness that in this way he is promoting his own good. The rebound of benefit to you from the benefits which you confer upon others takes nothing away from disinterestedness. It may, and often does, add color and use to it; as where a man, allying himself to his fellows, rejoices that he is doing them good, and rejoices.

because he is a part of them. A man joins himself to his kind, and feels the breathings of benevolence and tenderness and gentleness and kindness toward them, and wipes away their tears, and brings smiles for sadness and does it glorying in the fact that he is a peace-maker and happiness-maker, and that by the shining of his goodness upon them he adds to their joy, and that they will remember him; and is not this right? Is it inconsistent with disinterestedness on the part of a mother that she should long to be remembered by her children?

One of the most disinterested persons that I ever knew—my aunt—asked to be buried in Greenwood, "Because," said she, "I hope the children will remember me, and love to come down where I lie." Did that take away from the nobility of that wondrous life of hers, which was absolutely and literally a sacrifice of self, by which she found herself more gloriously than she would have done if she had sought herself? You know it is declared that he who seeks his life shall lose it, and that he who loses his life for others finds it.

Disinterestedness is not well defined or understood where men make it an abstract love of doing good for other people without thinking of oneself. I should be sorry for a man who did not hear his own song when he sings to the sick, or to children. I should be sorry for a man who, playing on an instrument for the pleasure of those who are in the room, did not himself enjoy the music that he made. It is perfectly right, and it is entirely consistent with the highest conceptions of disinterestedness, that a man should associate the fact of being good and of doing good, with himself. A man who is good, or who does good among his fellows, exalts himself while he lives, and perpetuates his name when he is dead.

Now, is the desire for posthumous fame worthy of Christian experience? May a man think, may a man say, even, "By the good deeds that I do in this world I am laying the foundations for fame in the future"? Yes, he may; and so far as he can he ought to. It does human nature good to consider itself as belonging not simply to the small circle of three score years and ten. It does a man good to believe that

his life is continuous in the other sphere, after death. It does one good to believe that his name is to live after he has gone beyond this life. It quickens every upward inspiration; it intensifies every motive for goodness and for benevolence; and it takes away from nothing that is good in a person, that while on earth he seeks fame and glory after he is gone, provided he seeks it in the right ways and on right foundations. This, then, judged by the standard of Christian ethics, is allowable.

What! is it worthy for one to wish that his name may bring pleasure wherever it is sounded in the ears of men; is it right that a man should desire that his person should be agreeable to those to whom he comes; and wrong for him to feel that he would have his name like music in the ears of those who hear it after he is departed? Was it wrong for the patriarchs—Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob—to look forward with rejoicing because they knew that in their seed the whole world was to be blessed? Why, they had so little while they did live, that I think their inheritance afterwards ought to have been blessed a thousand fold. Was it wrong in David, the sweet singer of Israel, to desire that his songs that came out of his heart should flow down in streams through the generations of the world, and comfort and console future ages?

Even Christ, we are told, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame"; and we are told that it was on this account that his name was above every name, in heaven and upon the earth. The Master had the foresight of glory and of riches. Would it have been wrong if the unknown author of the *Imitation of Christ*, when he had written his book, full of the very marrow of innermost experience, had, in dedicating it in prayer, breathed to God the desire, "Let my name go with this book to the generations that are to come; and as they are blessed in it may they think kindly of me"? Would it not have been amiable? Would it not have been beautiful? Would not a man be less than a man who should be insensitive to such inspirations as these?

Oh! that men might have known and taken some comfort

of the good that their works have done. John Bunyan, if he had known, in his prison, what his *Pilgrim's Progress* would have done for the world, would have been the happiest man, it seems to me, in the kingdom of Great Britain. A pity it was that he did not have some foresight of the good that he was doing. There is one hymn of Francis Xavier which has been a stream of life ever since he set it a-going. Would that he could have known how many hearts were going to be blessed by that hymn. All that Cowper has done for mankind—if a conception of it could have been carried back to him, would it not have cheered those dreary hours of despondency in which he lived, and in which, at last, he died?

If, then, we live for the best purposes, and put in our best powers for others in a noble and heroic way, have we not a right to look upon our life and say, "I cannot see what is going to come of this, but I know full well that I am making happiness that rings, and that will continue to ring out like chimes"? Have we not a right to gather some consolation like this from the good that we are doing?

Suppose I ride past a pleasure ground, enclosed by a high and close fence, where boys and girls of a boarding-school are playing. I hear their merry voices, and I take handfuls of fresh flowers and throw them over the wall; and I hear them striving for them, and hear their gleeful expressions—their "ohs!" and "ahs!" And suppose, perceiving how happy they are, and delighting to make them happy, I ride back home and get more flowers, and return and throw them over the fence, and hear them say, "I wonder who it is, and where he came from, and what he looks like;" does it not add a charm to the benevolent impulse by which I am actuated to know that I am filling their minds with pleasant fancies, and adding to their happiness, and associating myself with their enjoyments? And as we ride along the border of future generations, and fling down into their midst the flowers and fruits of good words and good works, have we not a right to rejoice? Is it wrong that the fragrance of these things should give us some comfort and consolation? Whatever makes a man feel that his life is long—that it is

not limited to this world; whatever a man does that connects him with the ages, and secures to him the universal praise of humanity, not only in this world, but in the world to come—whatever does this augments him, makes him more, makes him better, and makes it easier for him to be good and to resist evil.

If this be so, ought there not to be some consideration on the part of men as to the way in which they live, and the deeds which they perform, the influence of which is to come after them? It may not be the main motive of a man's life; but though it is incidental, is it not a right motive for a man to be influenced by—that of the name which he shall leave behind him at death? Ought not men to have a consideration as to how they shall perpetuate their memory? Ought not men to bear in mind the fact that if one associates himself with things that are high and noble, his memory shall go on down to the far future, whereas if one associates himself with the animal that is in man, and with that only, making it stronger and stronger, his name shall perish and go out?

But more distinctly, men beginning at the bottom of the scale, who, by physical or mechanical benefactions increase the general comfort of mankind in a remarkable or extraordinary manner, may hope to be associated with the best feelings and kindest remembrances of their race. The Greeks and the Romans had their mythological notions and their myths; and, among other things, they celebrated the name of him who brought fire from heaven to earth, evidently pointing back to that time when men were yet so nearly animals that they did not know how to use fire, and when that element was introduced into the human economy. He who brought fire brought a good thing; he who taught men how to use it was a great benefactor; and his name was worshiped like that of a demi-god. So also was the name of him who taught the arts of husbandry. In the Greek mythologies are records of many illustrious personages who, in one way and another, benefited their kind, and whose names are coupled with various superstitions and fantasies.

Every man who works for his own support in a lawful

calling is really, if he only knew it, working for everybody else, or a large circle around about him. If you build a house, and build it well, it ought to be a source of satisfaction to you. You will not live in it forever; your children will not live in it forever; it will be handed down through generations; and you may as well take the largest view, the full sweep, of what that house will do for those who are to come after you. The man who erects a comely house for a price, if he makes every chamber, every room, convenient and beautiful, ought to take pride in it. I think that every well-built house ought to have the name of the builder upon it. It ought to have upon it the name of him who designed it; the name of the originator of it; the name of the man who set it in operation; and the names of the carpenter and of the mason. A house well-built—what a history it has! No volume either of Shakspeare or Homer ever had in it so much of human life as one of those old English mansions that have come down for five hundred years, bringing family after family, with all its wondrous developments. The compensation of a man who lifts up such a dwelling as that upon the earth ought not to be so much a day. There are men alive now who, when they go by this old plain church (it is called plain: it is plain outside, to be sure; and when it has not its ornaments it is plain inside; but when you are here it is handsome enough)—there are men alive now, who, when they go by this church, unconsciously stop, and say, "I had a hand in building that." They share the history of this church, which is a part of the history of our nation in its most critical period, and they take pride in it. The man who put on the roof takes pride in that. The man who laid the foundation-stone takes pride in that. I honor those men for the pride which they take, in the part which they had, in the erection of this church, with its glorious history. I reproach men who are mechanics if they have only the lowest appreciation of the work that they do. The man who makes garments for comfort; the man who makes trunks for the conveyance of goods hither and thither through the world; the man who provides conveniences for the house and the table; the man who in any way promotes

the happiness of his kind by his labor—he ought to enjoy the contemplation of the good that he does. He ought to take to himself credit for the noble part which he is performing instead of simply taking the lowest view of it.

When the navigators who followed Cook after he was killed by the Sandwich Islanders reached the scene of his death, they found one of the chiefs wearing his watch around his neck. The watch moved for awhile after Cook's death, and then it stopped, and would not go; and the chief thumped it to make it go; but the thump did not do any good. However, he wore it as a kind of amulet or charm. Here was an instance of a poor savage nature, possessing something, the possible functions of which were a thousand times higher than he understood anything about; but he was wearing it as an ornament. It was competent to hold commerce with the planets, and to divide time off into its various portions; but he was putting it to a frivolous and unimportant use.

Now, in the sphere in which you are acting there are functions of labor which you ought better to understand and appreciate, and from which you ought to derive higher and purer remuneration than you do derive from them. How few men comfort themselves after the duties of the day have been performed, by saying, "How much I have smoothed things for men to-day! I have made a great many people happy to-day; and things have made me very happy to-day"? You work with centripetal force; and you think, "Well, how much shall I get? How did I succeed? How shall I be benefited?" There is your little life, whirling round and round, and drawing everything into it. That is the smallest and poorest way to live.

Not that you should not have some of that enjoyment; but there should be a reflex influence upon others to their good; there should be a centrifugal force acting upon those around about you. There should be a power going forth from you whose tendencies are to make mankind better and happier, and to make it easier for men to be good. These things should raise up men's minds; it is the doing of these things in an illustrious way and with prominence that gives

to men who are working in physical and material elements a right to immortality among their fellow-men.

I hold that Palissy, the potter, a Frenchman, who had in him the thought of more beautiful ware, and who devoted his life to experiments in rare pottery, and made himself poor, and with disaster, and with disaster, and with disaster still saw the ideal, and burned up his money, burned up his chairs, and burned up everything that he could lay his hands on, to raise the heat, and finally succeeded—I hold that he is worthy of all honor. He made a revolution in art; and that revolution has carried beauty and comfort and taste into innumerable dwellings; and his perseverance made his name memorable. Though he worked in kilns and with clay, he worked to bring out that which should be convenience and beauty and refinement to his fellows; and he deserves to have his name inscribed among the names of the benefactors of the race. He is not to be thought of simply as Wedgewood is, who introduced into England the most beautiful of wares; he is to be thought of, not only as a creator of beauty, but as one who joined use to beauty, and made convenience wait upon fancy. He is remembered, and will be, and ought to be, not simply because he was ingenious, and not merely because he was an artist, but because he was a worker for his fellow-men.

Bridge-builders should be remembered. This will be understood and appreciated by those who, like me, lived in the West in the early days, and had to ford streams at the peril of their lives. He who makes roads that render it easy for neighbors to come together alleviates the daily task, not simply of every citizen, but of all brute hearts, who do not know their benefactors. He who does so small a thing as to change the face of matter in ways that promote the comfort of his fellow-men has a right to rejoice that, doing it, he shall be remembered; and it is a shame if he is not remembered.

Therefore, men have a right to associate their names with their inventions. Why, MacAdam, who has given his name to the road which he invented, has blessed hundreds of thousands who have trod upon it, and will bless hundreds of

thousands more. His name is connected with that which will go on benefiting society and multiplying happiness in a thousand quarters.

In our own time we have Goodyear, who, with enormous self-sacrifice and labor, introduced india-rubber vulcanized, which has now become a universal necessity. He had no orator's gift; he did not flame in the Senate; he had no power in poetry; he could not die on the battle-field—that was not his place; but he found a place, and he put thoroughly persevering manhood into it, and he made his religion sustain him in doing it. He invented an art which has in many respects changed the forces of the world. Explorers, wanderers in the wilderness, and those at home, are using that which by toil and labor he perfected. He is a benefactor to the race. A man does not need to deal in literature in order to be a benefactor of his kind; he may become such by dealing with the ordinary affairs of life.

Watt's name is associated with the use of steam. What credit ought he not to receive? The benefit which he wrought was only second to that which was wrought by him who invented type and the printing-press. The men who stood at the head of these simply physical inventions opened the way for the march of civilization, and were precursors of those great humanities which are intimately connected with the Gospel of Christ—for the Gospel of Christ is but a serener and more divine humanity.

Then all those who have toiled, and are toiling, should have their meed of praise. Not only would it not be in conflict with disinterestedness, but I hold it to be the duty of every generation to remember its benefactors, and to enshrine their names. I hold it to be the duty of every single profession, of every single trade, of every single art, to keep a register of those who belong to it and have done well by it. We are greatly deficient in this—that we let the memory of deserving men die.

Every man, I remark again, who has contributed, by the special gifts that God has given him, to the esteem, to the good-nature, and to the usefulness of his fellow-men, in such a way that his life goes on working after him, his good deeds

following him, and manifesting themselves in the things which he sets in operation—every such man ought to rejoice in these things, and ought to be remembered on account of them. Men sometimes think that if they could only have written Gibbon's history of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, that would be a memorial to be proud of; but I say that to have written a book like Mrs. Barbauld's sweet *Stories for the Nursery* is no less a reason for pride. Anybody who has written a book like that has equal reason for pride. Anybody in the world who has written a piece of music that is sung at the cradle, at festivals, at weddings, or at funerals; whoever has employed the gifts of genius that were bestowed upon him to throw into life elements that assuage asperity, and that make the machine move easily; he who has lubricated the wheels of life so that they turn with ease—he deserves to be remembered; and while he is doing it he ought not to feel, "I am working at trifles;" for I think the things in this world which are important are not so much new discoveries, great orations, and magnificent books as things that make every day happier among the common people.

I think, in the progress of the Gospel, good-nature is not to be undervalued. I have great respect for conscience; but men have, for conscience, sat in inquisitorial chambers, and, without sympathy, seen blood spurting from their victims. Men have been too conscientious to be humane. Conscience has driven men like fiends. Two things I think are terrible: one is that sobriety which is often the greatest of hypocrisy, and behind which is perpetrated every sort of wickedness under the pretense of religion; and the other is conscience, misinstructed, and wrongly divorced from good-nature. The man that goes through life manifesting good-nature and exciting it (for generally you excite in a man what you bring to him: if you bring the feeling of kindness, you excite the feeling of kindness; and if you bring the feeling of good-nature, you excite the feeling of good-nature) associates himself with one of the best things in human life; and he who has genius and power to give these feelings literary or artistic form, so that when he is dead they remain like instituted and

organized forces, and go down through time, ought to shine like a star.

So I should class things differently from the classifications which are often made of them. What are often called "privileges," "worldly pleasures," and "mere gayeties," I should call means of grace. I say that what life needs is not so much sternness and rigor, not so many cords and restraints: what we want is more cheerfulness; more sweetness; more lovableness and lovingness; more things that please—please the higher nature—"please men for their good," as the apostle says, "to edification." These are things which the world needs as much as anything else—that is, our world.

I would not preach so in Paris; for there men have understood this truth and carried it to excess; but I would preach it to the children of Puritans—old bare-boned, hard men. We need that æsthetic element which was considered treasonable to piety in their day. The age demanded one-sidedness, and had it. They were noble and victorious; but it is needful that their children should give up, strip off, that which was necessary for local and temporary reasons. We need more of cheerfulness, and gentleness, and kindness, and pleasure-producing qualities. Pleasure does not necessarily ruin young men and maidens. Alas! it is a thing which you do not understand, that pleasure is to be associated with home-life and business. It ought to be so that men will not have to go hunting for pleasure as though it were separated from duty and life. It ought to be so universally diffused that you shall find it everywhere. You need more of it in business. You need less business and more pleasure. You need it in your social life, and everywhere. He who shall make reformations in these directions will be a true reformer. He who has power to bring the joy of spring in the place of the rigor of winter ought to have his name remembered.

So there are a great many men whom, when God shall rank men, though we call them low down, and look upon them as of not much account, we shall be astonished to see so high. Many a man thinks that because of the book which he has written his name will stand very high, since it treats

of theology; but he finds that the name of the author of a ridiculous little nursery book stands three times as high as his. Many and many a little child's book is doing more of Christ's work than many and many a big book. Not that big books are to be despised, but they are not always the most useful. Oftentimes the way needs to be prepared for these by books of less pretension.

All examples which men give in life of heroism entitle them to the right of being remembered, and tend to exalt them above the common level. There is a kind of heroism that will endure hunger, long journeys, wounds — that will endure torments and never move a muscle; and it is a heroism that requires enormous self-denial. Though it is on the lowest plane, it is on a plane where, if anywhere, self-denial is to be developed; and it in a rude way advances our conception of manhood. But as you rise higher than this everything difficult for man to do that is well done, everything that men do in life by the force of the higher feelings, instead of the lower, is heroic. The value of heroic conduct consists in this: that it gives everybody a conception of the possibilities of manhood. What one man has done, another can do. If Grace Darling can perform deeds of skill and courage, and make her name sound through the world, a hundred others can.

You will excuse the illustration; but when I began to read about fast horses there were very few that could trot a mile in less than four minutes, and to do it in four minutes was thought to be a great deal. When they got down to 3:40, that was looked upon as astonishing. When they got down to 3:00 it was considered wonderful. But every time they got down from one point to another there were five or six horses that could do it. When they got down to 2:40 and there was but one horse that could do it, people said, "Hem! that will not be equalled very soon"; but it was. And when they got down to 2:30 or 2:25, that seemed the end of equine capacity. As soon as four minutes was attained, one man said, "My nag can do that," and another said, "Mine can do it"; and when that was beaten, there were men who said, "We can beat that." And the moment a heroic deed is per-

formed by one man, other men say, "We can do that." This spirit increases in men; and they grow better and better by the amount of the heroic element thus bred in them. Where one woman can in her neighborhood deny herself wealth, and those accomplishments which would elevate her position, for the sake of taking care of the sick; where one woman denies herself all the amenities of life for the sake of serving others and making them better, her name and example are a leaven of souls; and although there may not be another one that shall be a Florence Nightingale, yet there will be five hundred thousand that will come nearer to her performance than they would if it had not been for her example. Whoever does a good thing that has before been considered impossible in human life is a hero, and raises the level of humanity—raises the ideal of higher living, and so the possibility of it.

Now, persons who are in humble places, and are raising the standard in these places; persons that are midway in life, and are raising the standard there; persons who are in eminent and conspicuous positions, and are raising the standard among their class—these are all deserving of praise and of remembrance.

The poorest boy that went out on either side in the conflict through which the nation passed, convinced that he was serving his country, and contending for a principle, enduring cold, and hunger, and fatiguing marches, and wounds and death itself, thanking God that he was worthy to die for his country, did right, in doing what he supposed was best for his country; and he raised the conception of manhood, of self-sacrifice, of honor, of citizenship, and of patriotism; and you do not know how much of that which we call refined public sentiment, and which goes blossoming in outbreaking lyrics, comes from these lower, humble persons.

Often the most noble things that are done are not seen. If you were to ask, to-day, where is the stream of gold that is flowing most abundantly, on looking at the bank accounts and exchange accounts, you would see millions of dollars going back to pay for goods in Europe; but I think that even more is going in sums of five pounds, four pounds,

three pounds and two pounds, from servants—young men and maidens—working day and night industriously, and sending back money to the old father and mother in Ireland, and England, and Scotland, and Germany, and Sweden, and Denmark, and Norway, and all over the north of Europe. There is a perfect gulf-stream of gold going back all the time. You have a conception of how much there is of it. It touches me deeply to think of the generosity and self-denial of this great under-class. When I see the heroism of maidens—persons that I know, often—who deny themselves of many comforts, and even refuse offers of marriage, because if they are married they cannot help their brother and sister to come over, and cannot help sustain their old father and mother in their old age, I feel as though I was not worthy to unloose their shoes' latchets. It is good to bring up from the bottom these examples. It will teach the top a great many lessons.

Whoever tends to make the sense of justice strong in society; whoever tends to rectify law and inspire rectitude in public sentiment; whoever tends to give juster views of human rights or duties; whoever associates himself with great principles, deserves to have his name carried down to remote generations, and has a right to rejoice when he thinks that his name is associated with some great good to society.

It may be the case, and it often is, that men who live beneficent lives live unacknowledged. There is many a lawyer who does not receive the credit he is entitled to. We are accustomed, in a good-natured way, to stigmatize lawyers. It is an interchange of comity. All persons have their share of this sort of thing, and lawyers have their little quota; and doctors have many things said about them; we are all of us interested in snapping each other up in various ways; but, after all, what a vast sphere of equity lies along the path of men who do not turmoil society, who do not seek to make quarrels, but who really study the things that are right between man and man. I tell you, I believe in my soul that there are as many lawyers who are seeking peace and justice, as there are who are seeking pelf, profit, or fame. I believe

that when they seek ignoble ends it is special, and not characteristic. When a man is waked up, when his feelings are excited, he may have his judgment obscured, and may step aside from the best course in spite of facts without knowing it. It is the result of the condition of brain in which he works. I know it is so. I should do just so myself. If I were in a cause I should go it to death; and I can understand how many times a man may be carried away by his enthusiasm. I can understand how a lawyer's sense of fidelity to his client might carry him beyond the bound of reason. But my opinion is that, taking the profession throughout the land, they are seeking for justice, for good neighborhood, and for morals; and I cannot join with those who perpetually stigmatize them as if they were selfish, cunning and false. I have come to a time, thank God, when I can praise judges. There have been some in the city of New York that were not so good, and I had my share in thundering at the bad ones; but I take pleasure in thanking God that we have so many good ones. I rejoice that there are on the Bench so many men of learning, and equilibrium, and equity, and courage, and refinement, who smooth the rudenesses, and take away the asperities of life, and who do a work in justice which makes it easier for men to live, and for society to move upon its wheels. They deserve to have their names go down, and they are going down, in honor, to the future, so that when men speak of justice they shall think of them.

And physicians, that go among the sick, and assuage their sufferings, and heal their diseases, though they are attempting to support themselves by their profession, are contributing to the welfare of society, and should be recognized as benefactors, so far as they are faithful to their calling, which is founded on benevolence—and recognized they will be.

All of us who are benefactors of our race will be understood to be such. For we do not live in this world only; it is not here alone that you are to hear about yourself. What you are doing here is known there. God ratifies every good act of every one of his creatures. Your works follow you, and your life follows you. The day will come when every man who has meant right things, and sought them in how-

ever humble a place, and in any relation of society, may comfort himself with this thought: "I have not lived for myself, I have lived for a cause; I have lived for liberty; I have lived for education; I have lived for the prevalence of beauty in art; I have lived for the diffusion of noble ideas." Oh, ye toilers in poverty, with labor-throes for what is good and true, that which you have achieved shall come to you, and will make your names known by-and-by. You may be working more than you know now; but you will not only know, but will be known above. There, where there is everlasting equity, no man shall have done a thing which made mankind better at his own expense, and by his own toil, and be forgotten.

The list, the catalogue, of God is growing fuller and fuller. One after another has departed. The fathers of this land—where are they? and the thousands that have followed on and carried up their work—where are they? And they that in our own time have labored and travailed for the cause of humanity are sinking and disappearing; but they go as the morning stars go, that are not lost because they are not seen, but they are not seen because they are hid in the brightness of the effulgent sun.

And so, workers all, high and low, top and bottom, though you are unknown to each other, and though you are unknown to yourselves, you are working toward the great Father, and toward the great Father's household, and when we shall stand in that blessed company, then shall we know how full, how glorious, is that truth which is contained in the words which I have selected for our text—"The memory of the just is blessed." Known will you be of God; and there will be an exchange of memories and greetings and congratulations; and there will be a recognition of whatever is right and true and noble and just and good. You that live and labor for your fellow-men, turning souls to righteousness, shall shine as the stars of the firmament.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We thank thee, thou blessed God and Father, that thou hast made the way between thyself and our souls plain; and though we stumble when we attempt to attain unto thee by thinking, yet when grief comes, and want presses, and all our strength fails, then our necessity breaks through, and we are borne up into the presence of conscious power and wisdom and goodness; and our souls are wiser than our understandings. We rejoice that as thou hast made the child to cry for the mother before it knows why, so thou hast made our souls to cry out for God. We are by our yearnings and longings and manifold needs brought into thy presence; and we rejoice that by thy divine touch thou canst send us away filled with a sense of God's presence, and of his goodness and sympathy for us. And if thou dost hold us in remembrance and in sympathy thou must needs be One that can take care of the feeble, and of the imperfect, and of those that sin continually; for such are we that we cannot bring to thee strength and perfection; we can only bring to thee the weakness and imperfection which belong to us, striving in the midst of buffetings, temptations, bent as the reed before the wind, turned hither and thither, and swayed as the leaves and the branches of the tree are.

We rejoice, O Lord our God, that there is no great central darkness; that night does not reign in the universe; that no hard-handed fate is tyrant upon the throne; and that thou art not represented by those laws which domineer over matter, and compel all things to obey. We rejoice that at the center of power, high above the sight, high above sense, high above all the knowledges of the body, thou art eternal Noon, eternal Summer, eternal Light and eternal Joy. Thou art the Father of the spirits of men, and art the Cause of all that influence which is highest, and sweetest, and purest, and dearest, and most just, and noble, and compassionate.

So we draw near to thee sometimes as men sail with clouds over all the sky, and yet have faith. Thou art shut out from us days and days, and we cling to the memory of faith if we cannot hold faith itself; and as no storm abides forever, at length the light breaks out, and often in unexpected places; and when we find thee again, how sweet and pleasant art thou! and how are we comforted when upon the retiring darkness we behold the bow of promise full of hope and cheer!

O Lord our God, we thank thee for the manifestation of thyself, so ample, so beautiful, so gracious, adapted to each and every one's want; for thou art universal. Thou hast not limited and restrained thyself. Thou art a God of compassion for sinners, suffering for them, rather than inflicting suffering upon them. Thou art full of bounty, and mercy, and motherliness in love, and we beseech of thee that as we conceive more and more of thee, we may not learn to be disgusted with ourselves—for why should we be in contempt in our own esteem if thou dost love and desire us? May we have a wholesome sense of our sinfulness; but may we also have a cheering and hopeful sense of our value—for what must they be worth for whom

Christ was willing to die? and what shall be the glory of our resurrection and immortality when thou hast perfected us, and made us worthy by thy power to become kings and priests unto God? Grant that we may be cheered and comforted about ourselves, and not forever wear sackcloth, and go mourning and discouraged. Grant, we pray thee, that we may have rebound from conviction of sin into the joy of hope through Jesus Christ. We pray that thou wilt help us every day, looking up and seeing how beautiful thou art, and how good thou art, to strive more and more to make ourselves such as thou wouldst have us to be. How easy is self denial in the presence of love! and how effluent are all gracious things in the presence of love! So shine before us, O thou Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely, that everything which thou wishest may become easy, and that our obedience may be impetuous, and that our love may be zealous, and that our aspiration may be as burning fire.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest especially this morning upon all those who are gathered together. May those who have been laboring with weariness and anxiety be able to rest themselves in God. May they be able to rest themselves underneath the shining of the Sun of Righteousness. May they run in unto thee as into a tower from an enemy, or as to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, or as to a covert when the storm is out, and be safe.

We pray that thou wilt draw near to all those who to-day feel the sorrow that comes from thy providence in bereavements. There are many that walk with muffled step, and with sad and solemn thought; and yet what ails them? Hast thou not been loving them? Is it not a token of thy fidelity? What would become of them if thou didst not afflict them? How would they grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth if thou didst not by suffering deepen their affections, and enlarge their horizon? How unfortunate they would be if thou didst not thus make them worthy of immortality and blessedness! Oh, grant that they who walk in twilight and in darkness may behold the light that is shining for their coming toward the morning. Watchers we are, and grant that over the hills we may see coming the sun with all its glory.

We pray that thou wilt grant that every soul that is afflicted, that mourns under special trials, and that feels itself set apart for God's judgment, may find a refuge from trouble in him who gave his life for us, and who hath said, Because I live ye shall live also. O Lord Jesus, put thine arms around about every one who feels the need of thee, and whisper words of love to him; and may every one hear God saying to him, Because I live thou shalt live.

We beseech of thee that all those who are bearing burdens, and are walking in difficult ways, and are half desponding or wholly despairing, may find the God of hope and consolation to-day. Give them faith to endure; and having done all, no matter what the battle hath done, may they be able to stand in the strength of God, waiting for the disclosures of his providence—for what can harm those whom God loves? What can harm those who have life before them beyond this sphere? The whole time of life is but a hand's-

breadth. It passes day by day as a weaver's shuttle. Our life shoots as an arrow through the air. We are almost home. Grant that we may not be so unworthy of our parentage and of our hopes as to sit in despondency, since so little of our life is left in which care and trouble can beset us. May we begin to look away from this world to that bright and blessed city which shines out to those who are drawing near to it.

Grant, we beseech of thee, thy blessings on those who are attempting to fulfill their calling, and to perform their duties toward their fellow-men. We pray that thou wilt give them strength. And even when they fail may they not despond. May they try again and again; and if they cannot bring the best performance, may they bring the best that they have, knowing that thou art better in thy gentleness, better even in thine anger, than men in their most gentle moods.

Grant these things to thy people, not because they are worthy of them, but out of thy bounty which expresses itself in kindness toward men.

We pray that thou wilt bless all the churches of this city. Wilt thou establish them in righteousness. We pray that thou wilt take away from them whatsoever hinders the full disclosure of the sweetness and symmetry and beauty of Jesus Christ. We pray that thou wilt grant unto thy ministering servants better to make known the truth. May they rejoice in their souls to behold the seed which they are sowing, that fruit may be garnered abundantly to the honor and the glory of God.

We pray that thou wilt bless the instrumentalities which are being used for the education of the ignorant, for the reformation of morals, for the establishment of justice, for the purification of law, for the bringing about a wiser administration of all institutions.

We pray that thou wilt bless the President of these United States, and all those who are associated with him in authority. Bless the Congress assembled, and all governors, judges, and magistrates. We pray that they may be God-fearing men, and that they may administer in righteousness.

We pray that we may be admonished, as one and another are passing from the scenes of their earthly life, that our sun, too, is going down, and that the night cometh when no man can work. May we work with diligence while life lasts, so that when we come to give up our account, no talent of ours shall be found wrapped up in a napkin, but all our talents shall be found to have been used, and increased and multiplied a hundredfold.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing upon the services of the morning; upon all the labors of the day; and from Sabbath to Sabbath; and may we therein grow stronger in faith until the last week shall come, and the last Sabbath; and then may we break forth and blaze in the wonder of that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

And to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit shall be praise evermore. *Amen.*

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